

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Parting with Rome.

[We are indebted to the far-famed and gifted Catholic author, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, of Washington, D. C., for the following unpublished poem of the late Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D. It was written in Rome, on the 5th of February, 1832. Dr. Pise was an elegant writer and contributed much to the periodical literature of the day. He published a number of books, but most of them are now out of print. Dr. Pise, we believe, was the only Catholic priest that ever held the office of Chaplain of the United States Senate. His great learning and amiable virtues won the respect and affection of all classes of persons. His death occurred in 1866.]

'Tis morning: over Monte Pincio's height,
Aurora streaks the heavens with early light:
The gale breathes through the grove; the pine, the palm
Are tinged with gold, and redolent with balm.
The bell which wakes the holy maid to prayer
Tolls shrill and long,—dying upon the ear
In distant cadence—mingling with the air.
It calls, fair Trinita dei Monti, (say,
Ye who have heard their song, at close of day,
Ye who have melted as they chanted, tell
The charm that lingers there, the holy spell;)
It calls thy inmates to their matin shrine
To pour their praises forth in notes divine.

Pincio, farewell! thy groves,—thy pine, thy palm,
Where oft I've lingered, as the evening calm
Spread like a mantle round thy gentle bowers,
And the sun sank behind St. Peter's towers,
Oft have I sat me down, at twilight grey,
And watched the beautiful decline of day.

Could it decline more grandly than behind
That dome eternal, where the loftiest mind
Shrinks with astonishment, and owns with pride
The wonder of the world! At even-tide,
What glory bursts upon that lofty dome,
The master-work of man, the monument of Rome!

Farewell that scene! ye villas scattered round
The ancient hills, beneath whose shade I found
Some peace, some solitude, some musing-time,
Some inspiration, in this classic clime;
For the last time I fix my lingering view,
Borghese, on thy groves, and then—adieu!

The car is at the door—the harsh dull scream
Of the rough vetturino wakes me from my dream;
The Poet's dream—Imagination's spell

Bursts like a bubble when I sigh farewell!

Yet, Rome, where'er my fate may chance to be,
Fancy shall kindle as I turn to thee:
Land of the Cæsars once,—the world's own Queen,
Still to be mighty, as thou e'er hast been;
Religion's centre-place, the Arts' abode,
The Muse's throne, the chosen one of God,
Farewell!—the gate is passed—it is broad day,
And my car rattles o'er the Æmilian Way.

C. C. P.

Aeronautics.

The word aeronautics comes from the Greek word "aer," the air and "nautikos," of or belonging to ships, and corresponds to the English "aerial navigation." The word is often applied to flying, and this, no doubt, results from the idea that the flight of birds corresponds to the swimming of fish or the sailing of ships. But this idea is erroneous. Boats and fish are supported without exertion; birds are not. The hawk and huge buzzard, when sailing with outspread wings through the air, seem to be supported by it, but when pierced by a bullet they come to the ground with astonishing rapidity. The flight of a bird I should rather compare to the movement of animals in walking. The air serves as a foot-hold and the bird walks, as it were, upon it. Considering flight, then, in this manner, we should not employ the term aeronautics. As yet, however, this distinction is not generally made, but most probably will be, as the art of flying receives more attention; for it is only lately that men have recognized the real difference between flying and ballooning.

After many vain attempts to employ wings for the propulsion of balloons, it was discovered that there is a vast difference between the movement of a balloon and that of a bird, and that the latter has not, as people formerly supposed, an abundance of buoyant power in its air-cells. There are now many engaged in the study of aeronautics and many, too, occupied in the construction of flying machines. Neither study is very profitable as yet, but the art of flying, if ever properly mastered, would be the grandest achievement of science, and would cause a revolution in the affairs of men.

Aeronautics is a comparatively recent science, and has already been pretty thoroughly studied, but does not promise much on account of the impossibility of moving against the wind. The art of flying, on the other hand, has, no doubt, excited

the jealousy of men and tortured their ingenuity since the time of the creation. This was especially the case as they became more civilized. They gradually learned to imitate animals in swimming, then to excel them by the aid of boats. After having learned to compete with fish in their element, it was but natural to try to attain excellence in the art of flying. The attempt thus far, however, has been ineffectual, although much ingenuity has been wasted upon it in all ages. The sad and fatal attempt of Icarus is the result of too much ambition in this line. But Archytas, the Greek geometer and astronomer, having been shipwrecked on the coast of Calabria, constructed a dove, they say, which worked by means of springs and carried him through the air. Daedalus, too, was successful in the attempt, but, the fool, he flew too close to the sun, and his delicate wings melted.

During the Middle Ages all men who made any pretensions to learning knew how to fly. Albertus Magnus was a good flyer, and John Müller constructed, like Archytas, an artificial dove which flew before Charles V on his entrance into Nuremberg. (Unfortunately for the truth of this story, Müller died 60 years before that visit was made.) A successful schemer, known by the name of Fleyder, procured spacious wings and leapt from a tower, but his machinery gave way, and, falling heavily, he broke his legs, and perished miserably.

Borelli first demonstrated that man has not the power to support himself even though having suitable wings. People then began to look elsewhere for the power to ascend in the air. They noticed the dew rising in the morning and it occurred to the "smart" people that if the dew were confined it could be employed as a lifting power. "Take," says Laurus, "a goose-egg, and, having filled it with dew gathered fresh in the morning, expose it to the sun during the hottest part of the day, and it will rise and rest suspended for a few moments on the house-top" (and, to insure success, he would no doubt furnish it with a ladder).

The most noted and elaborate scheme for navigating the air was that proposed by Francis Lana. This was to procure four copper balls of very large dimensions, yet so extremely thin that after the air had been extracted they should be light enough to rise. But his conscience troubled him, lest, if his attempt were successful, no walls could protect cities, and they could then be destroyed by a mere handful of daring assailants, who could rain down fire from the clouds. Galien proposed to construct from the strongest sail-cloth a bag with a capacity of one cubic mile. This enormous thing was to be filled with light air gathered from the mountain tops and might be employed for transporting armies through the air. Fortunately, however, he had not money enough to carry out that fanciful project.

All these would-be inventors knew what a balloon ought to be, but they failed to obtain that rarified something for a lifting power. At length that, too, was discovered. In the year 1766,

Cavendish found, by a series of delicate observations, that hydrogen is about 15 times lighter than air. What more was necessary? Fill with it Laurus's goose-egg, or Lana's copper balls, and you have the balloon of the present day. Inflate Galien's enormous sack, and you have, indeed, a machine for transporting armies. In fact, it occurred to Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, that a very thin bag filled with hydrogen would rise to the ceiling of a room. He made his first experiment in public, but failed, which so disgusted him that he never repeated it. Mr. Cavallo succeeded in the pretty experiment of causing soap-bubbles to ascend by inflating them with gas. These are perfect balloons, which require only increased extension and strength to make them capable of carrying up heavy loads.

This requirement was met through the ingenuity of two brothers, Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier. They first employed paper bags filled with hydrogen, but the hydrogen escaped so rapidly that they became discouraged, and had recourse to another scheme. They made a balloon 30 ft. in diameter, of coarse linen, and lined it with paper. Under its orifice they burned paper and straw, and saw, with inexpressible delight, the balloon rise with a force of 500 lbs. On the fifth of June, 1783, they made the experiment in public, amidst a very large concourse of spectators. Their success was complete. It was reported throughout Europe and other parts of the world. At first men were astonished and incredulous, but they were soon to be convinced. The experiment was repeated in every large capital, and could be understood by all. That same year, Paris saw what before had been denied to mortal eyes—beheld, without alarm, human beings carried above the clouds.

What followed was but a series of improvements and successful applications. Hydrogen soon began to be used; ballasts, etc., were applied, and the parachute was invented not long afterwards. Balloons were employed mostly for amusement, but not solely; scientists began to ascend in them to make observations in meteorology and physics, and officers in the army sometimes used them advantageously for observing the motions of the enemy. People began to dream of going to the moon in them, or at least of sailing around the world and of reaching the poles by their means.

But the period of dreams soon passed, and many energetic attempts were made to employ the balloon as a means of transportation. Whether so much labor and patience will ever bring success is a question, for, as yet, the balloon, even with its most effective propulsive power, is too weak to oppose the wind. Men have ascended in them to the frosty height of seven miles, and have moved along near the earth at the rate of more than a mile a minute. The adventures of aeronauts may be numbered by the thousands, and many of them are really fascinating, but time forbids me to mention any. Although these men have not succeeded in guiding the balloon at pleasure, still they have not spent their time uselessly. They have made many discoveries concerning the movement of the

air high above the earth, they have afforded people in general a means of travelling beyond the clouds, and have made some nice experiments on the resistance of bodies moving against the air.

The great problem now is to imitate nature's excellent machines for travelling through the air; and, judging from the progress of the mechanical arts, the rapid improvements in the use of motive power, and especially from the systematic manner in which men are now pursuing the theory of flight, it seems more than probable that they may, in a few years more, be able to rival even the eagle in rapidity of movement.

ALBERT F. ZAHM, N. D. S. A., of '83.

A Norman Priest.

Under this title the London *Athenæum* publishes the following interesting sketch of the Abbé Malais, one of the learned men of Europe, lately deceased:

An enthusiastic admirer of England and the English, a rare scholar, a passionate bibliophile, a most affectionate friend, and a wise and good man has just passed away, in the person of Messire Armand Jean Nicolas Edouard Malais, Curé of Martin-Eglise, near Dieppe, the learned author of the "Calendrier Normand et Analectes" and other works.

Many Englishmen and hosts of Frenchmen of all sorts and conditions, including marquises, Bishops, priests, and others, celebrated in England and France, men of every religion, counted it an honor to call him friend. To have spent an evening in his presbytery, where he dispensed a simple but most graceful hospitality; to have listened to his marvellous conversation; or to have heard him preach to the children in his church, was to have had a pleasure the remembrance of which was a perennial delight.

The village of Martin-Eglise is about four miles from Dieppe, charmingly situated amongst fine trees and orchards. The presbytery, an old-fashioned, one-storied house, of many small rooms, is surrounded by a garden well stocked with fruit and flowers, which do not spoil in each other's company. The Englishman, armed with a letter of introduction, sent in his card, and very quickly the host would present himself at the honeysuckle-covered porch. The visitor saw at once that he was in the presence of a courtly, polished gentleman. The Abbé's dark eyes would rain a kindly look of welcome; then follow a hearty shake of the hand, and a hope that the visitor and his introducer were well. Following your host, whose tall, powerful, lithe figure was, of course, clothed in the Norman priest's long gown, you were cordially ushered into the pretty dining-room of the presbytery. The Abbé understood and read English well, but, having no facility in speaking our language, he always spoke in French. "Sir," he would say, "pray sit down, and my housekeeper will bring you a little lunch." "Indeed no: I breakfasted but an hour ago," "But, cher mon-

sieur, you have had a long walk from Dieppe; besides, an Englishman is always hungry. Flore! Flore!" to his housekeeper, "this is Mr. —, a friend of —. He is an Englishman, and therefore will at once eat a little something." Very quickly a tray would appear; bread, cheese, butter, fruit from the garden of the presbytery would invite the visitor, and while he ate the Abbé reclined in his chair and talked. In a very few minutes the visitor was entirely at home, and the Abbé, perfectly frank and natural, charmed his guest with his easy and fluent discourse about the ancient close connection between Normandy and England. He would quickly discover that his visitor, by his name, must also have had a Norman descent, and he would talk of surnames of people still existing in the two countries. The visitor perhaps remarked on the many English acquaintances of his host. "Ah, monsieur," he would exclaim, "I used to hate those horrid English when I was a boy! Why? Because my mother used to tell me, as I sat on her knee, how the English ships shelled the town in which she lived. Sir, I used to clench my tiny fists and say, 'Oh, those English! if they come again I will give them a warm reception!'" then, with a merry laugh, "and whenever they do come, I try always to be as good as my word." Lunch over, a walk round the presbytery garden, when flowers would be picked and offered as tokens of pleasure and welcome; then in and round the library. This was the Abbé's especial joy. Many rooms, looking north, south, east, west, were fitted up with shelves, and these were filled with rare books, more than five thousand in number, collected during a long life, on history sacred and secular, theology, antiquities; a splendid collection of books, in any way connected with the history of his beloved Normandy, its towns, churches, and cathedrals. A long list of celebrated writers on liturgical science and ecclesiastical history could be furnished, which would stir up the envy of all bibliophiles. A collection of our English Books of Common Prayer, from the first one printed, attracted the attention of the English visitor. There was not a book which had not been enriched with notes written by the learned owner. The writer of this memoir well remembers one visit to his library. The Abbé had been asking after the wife of his guest; then leading him into the favorite room where were arranged the "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," Fleury, Tillemont, Bérault-Bercastel, "*Les Actes de Ste. Thérèse*," "*Les Souvenirs de la Maison de Gournay*," and a host of others, he pointed to the shelves and said, "Sir, behold *my* wife! my wife, who never speaks except when I wish to hear her, who always says what I wish her to say, who always stops the moment I have heard enough. Is not that a wife out of ten thousand?"

After an examination of the choicest books, rare missals, and ancient breviaries, a walk followed. In five minutes the beautiful Forêt d'Arques was reached and soon the Abbé conducted his guest to the battle-field, and vividly described how Henry of Navarre for fourteen days, sheltered by the

walls of the castle yonder, resisted the army of Guise and the League. If the day was fine, a walk in the pretty town of Arques, a visit to the exquisite church, the "Light of Normandy," and an inspection of the splendid ruins of the castle followed. Then back to the presbytery and a visit to his own church. This was plain to ugliness, but clean and carefully kept. On the walls hung a chart with references to any historical event in which the place was concerned. Our own Henry V halted here on his way to the memorable siege of Rouen, etc. How the Abbé loved Rouen!

Then, as the sun set, the Abbé would lead his visitor round the village and pay little visits to his people, returning every greeting with a most polite bow, or poking a little fun at some elderly villager. Finally, dinner in the presbytery, and then the host, by this time warmed and inspired by the evident delight of his guest, talked as only Frenchmen of the highest culture can talk. Grave and gay, wise, witty, tender, the good man out of the treasure of his mind brought forth "things new and old." His listener hung delighted on his words, his only fear being "lest he should come to an end." He was so *human*, and men of every religion, and those who, alas! could not see their way to belong to any, all agreed in their reverence for him. The writer of these lines is informed by the brother of the deceased that when the excellent Abbé was struck down suddenly in March last, in his seventieth year, his relatives were amazed at the number of people, celebrated in politics, literature, and art, as well in England as in France, who testified to their reverence for their deceased brother.

He was in truth a noble man. France loses a gifted son; the Catholic Church a noble exemplar of all that is highest and best in it; many Englishmen, high and low, a most hospitable friend; and not a single man, woman, or child in Martin-Eglise but feels bereft of a most dearly loved friend, who added to their joys and shared their sorrows, who worked and prayed for them for three-and-thirty years, and whose body now lies in their village churchyard in peaceful slumber.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—An authorized edition on the works of President Garfield is announced for November, and will be published by Messrs. Osgood & Co., of Boston. The editor is President Hinsdale of Hiram College, Ohio, who was a life-long friend of the late President.

—Professor Barff contributes a paper to the current number of *The Month* entitled, "A New Antiseptic Compound for the Preservation of Food." It refers to his recent discovery of which we made mention some weeks ago. The same magazine has an interesting article this month on the religion of Shakespeare.

—*The Athenæum* says that Millais's portrait of Cardinal Newman, in the Royal Academy Exhi-

bition, is a masterpiece worthy to be reckoned with the greatest works that the Italians produced when portrait painting occupied the best hours of Titian, Tintoret, Sebastiano and Brozino. Modelling and coloring alike are excellent.

—A New Jersey jury has acquitted a bookseller charged with selling a work well known in literature as an obscene book. Its obscenity was unquestioned, but the judge held that the jury must also decide whether its sale was "necessary for the advancement of literature."

Both judge and jury should be indicted for malfeasance. The judge, whoever he is, would probably suit a cobbler's better than the judicial bench.

—Chatrian, the novelist, is chief of an important department of the Eastern Railroad of France. He is of a family which for centuries had been connected with the glass trade. Erckmann on his father's side has Huguenot blood, and on his mother's Swiss. He is a bachelor, and lives now at Toul. He rarely visits Paris. His father was a bookseller at Phalsburg, so prominent in the Erckmann-Chatrian stories.

—Mr. George W. Cable, author of "Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc., was brought up in the Presbyterian faith, and until quite recently has been very strict in some of his notions. He was opposed to novel reading and theatrical performances, refusing while connected with a New Orleans paper to act as a dramatic critic. His prejudices against novels were overcome by reading one of George MacDonald's stories, and his favorite authors are Hawthorne, Hugo, Thackeray, and the Russian Tourgueneff. Now, that he has written two or three himself, he thinks novels are a very essential part of literature.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—Prof. Corson, of Cornell University, having seen Anna Dickinson's Hamlet, writes a review of it for *The Cornell Era*, in which he styles the performance a "dickinsonation of Shakspeare's Hamlet." The Professor thinks Nature put her veto on Anna Dickinson's playing Hamlet, before Anna was born; and yet, in spite of that veto, Anna *will* play Hamlet, and there appears to be no way of stopping her. "This age," concludes the Professor, "is certainly a remarkable one, if for nothing else than for the presumption which every kind of people show in attempting what God did not fit them to do. There's a growing general feeling that it may be partly due to the character and spirit of our institutions that any body can do anything." Anna Dickinson as an actress is catching it from the critics all round.

—Senator Edmunds's epistolary style is questioned by an anonymous correspondent, who says: "In his letter to the President, in reference to the vacant justiceship of the Supreme Court, the senator says: 'I thank you sincerely for this highly-valued proof of your good opinion, but I feel for reasons that I have expressed to Mr. Frelinghuysen, that I ought not to occupy it'; that is, as it reads, 'that I ought not to occupy your good opinion.' Again he says: 'I shall cherish this mark of your kindness,' etc., 'as one of the most pleasant of my life'; that is, as 'one of the most pleasant

marks of my life.' This, certainly, is a marked style of letter-writing. Again, in letter second, he says: 'I am deeply touched at the manifest consideration you have shown me.' If the consideration was manifest, it was shown, and, *vice versa*, if it was shown it was manifest."

—Rev. Father Moigno, the learned and indefatigable publisher of that admirable French Review, *Cosmos Les-Mondes*, so highly prized by the scientific world, has lately presented a complete set to the Vatican Library. The letter of the Pope, acknowledging the gift, congratulates Father Moigno on the immense labors that he has bestowed on the defence of the truth of the Catholic religion and on having devoted so much attention to place in a brighter light the harmony between science and religion. The noble design has been admirably successful; the *Cosmos* has demonstrated, as well by means of investigations and experiments made by the learned in all parts of the world, as also by the profound studies in Archeology, Geography, and Geology, that the progress of science, far from being prejudicial to religion, on the contrary results in setting in brighter light the truth of the Holy Scriptures. It is a pity the *Cosmos* is a sealed book to English readers. Catholic publishers are not as yet in a condition to reproduce such works in English, and Protestant publishers will not. The Continent is raked for infidel trash, or works prejudicial to the Catholic religion, while those that are favorable to it, no matter how much more learned they may be, are carefully excluded and are as little known as if they never existed. One French book by a Catholic—the only one that we know of—has been translated and published by non-Catholics in this country, and many Protestant prelates and ministers—ignorant, probably, of the fact that it was written by a Catholic priest—have borne testimony that it is one of the ablest defences of revealed religion against infidelity that they have ever read. This book is the "Letters of Certain Jews to Voltaire," which, as is now well known, was written by the Abbé Guennée. Are people afraid of the truth? or are they afraid that what they affect to consider palpable falsehood will take possession of the minds of people in this enlightened age?

Books and Periodicals.

—F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio, has just published a fine song, by S. S. Bonbright, entitled "A Beautiful Wreath of Shamrock," also "The Verdict March," by Blake. Both pieces have beautiful illustrated title-pages.

—We are indebted to Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly for a copy of her new book, "Hymns of the Sacred Heart." The beautiful words of the author are adapted to not less pleasing melodies, selected and original. We should like the volume better, however, if all the airs were original; some of them are too familiar in another form. The book is nicely gotten up, and published by Mr. P. C. Donnelly, No. 534 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—*St. Nicholas* for May is brilliant with engravings, and there is no lack of stories, poetry, and other interesting matter for the young folks. The eighth paper of Clara Erskine Clement's "Stories of Art and Artists" is resplendent with pictures—beginning with portraits of Andrea del Sarto and the renowned Antonio Allegri da Correggio. The frontispiece of this number of *St. Nicholas*—*Ninette*—is after a painting by Greuze, by permission of the Fine Art Society, of London. In the reading-matter, "Donald and Dorothy," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editress of *St. Nicholas*, is not by any means the least interesting. "Wolf-Reared Children"—copiously illustrated—describes the manner of life of some of the New York newsboys and boot-blacks. The quaint legend of "The Origin of Dantzic" is nicely told and illustrated. Besides these there are a number of short pieces and pictures, plays, puzzles, etc.

LECTURES AND DISCOURSES; by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street. 1882.

Those familiar with the scholarly and elegant style of the Bishop of Peoria will need no comments thereon from us. We recommend particularly the Second Lecture—that on Religious Faith and Physical Science. The Right Reverend author is not afraid to meet the wildest hypotheses of modern science. He deals with one of them thus:

"The question of spontaneous generation, to take still another example, has in recent times been the object of unwearying research and of endless debate. The theory of those who maintain that inorganic matter is capable of giving rise to living organisms is, to say the least, still unproven. It is merely hypothetical. The actual scientific teaching is, that only the living produces life. But let us suppose that spontaneous generation shall some day be shown to exist in nature. Will there thence arise a conflict between faith and science? To think so is to misunderstand the principles already established. We should still hold that life is from God, but that its manifestation is through the action of natural laws, which is even now accepted as true. This doctrine of derivative creation has been familiar to theologians for centuries."

We have given a somewhat lengthy quotation because we desire to show the tone of the book. At the present day, when new discoveries are continually made, and continually misconstrued in infidel periodicals, professing to teach "popular science," such views as these should be more widely known, and it is the duty of every sincere Catholic to assist in disseminating them as far as he can. The Lecture on the Catholic Church contains an admirable abstract of Catholic doctrine—the Nicene Creed in language adapted to modern currents of thought. But within the limits of an ordinary book-notice it were impossible to point out the excellencies of this volume, and we content ourselves with a general commendation. The typography is clear and very readable, and the external appearance tasty.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 20, 1882.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FIFTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—The Rev. Director of Studies has been during the last few weeks devoting all his leisure time to the regular visit of the classes, which he hopes to complete before Pentecost. In general he expresses himself very well satisfied with the progress and proficiency of the students of the different departments—although a few classes merited and received a little “stirring-up,” the necessity and beneficial effects of which they will probably recognize and appreciate before Commencement.

—An excellent entertainment, under the auspices of the Euglossians, was given in the Rotunda, this week, during the visit of Rt. Rev. Dr. Borgess. We can only print the programme. It is dangerous business to write about entertainments which one has not attended (it is equally unsafe sometimes to express an opinion of things seen or heard). Besides we are informed on the best of authority that Prof. Lyons was never known to carry out a programme just as he has arranged it; he always thinks of something else that “will do admirably well,” and it invariably does.

We learn from a number of persons that the Euglossians acquitted themselves very creditably; and have heard the evening’s entertainment spoken

of as one of the best of the whole year. The music, as usual, was highly enjoyable, and the same, we are told, is to be said of the singing.

The programme proved to be just the right length, and was praised for its variety and careful selection. The Euglossians are to appear once or twice more before Commencement, and we trust it will be with as much honor to their Association as on the occasion of which the following was the programme:

PART I.

Music— <i>Overture</i> (Lustspiel Keler Bela)	Orchestra
Address from the Students	E. Fishel
Duet—“Hear me, Norma”	{ L. F. Florman
	{ C. C. Echlin
Act Ist of Richard III.	{ E. C. Orrick
	{ M. F. Healy
The Editor’s Trials	J. P. O’Neill
Speech—Lafayette	J. Solon

PART II.

Music— <i>Der Freischutz</i>	String Quartette
European Guide	W. S. Cleary
Declamation	W. J. McCarthy
Music	Orchestra

When the last piece had been rendered, the amiable Bishop made a short address, in his usual happy manner. He was listened to with respectful attention, and his remarks were frequently greeted with applause from all sides. He concluded, as it was hoped he would, by granting a day’s recreation, which Rev. President Walsh appointed for Tuesday.

—Certainly not the least important of the many branches of study included in a course of study is penmanship. It is desirable that everyone should be able to write, if not elegantly, at least legibly. The illegibility of the handwriting of public men lawyers, doctors, authors, editors, etc., is a source of inconvenience and a cause of regret to thousands, including the offenders themselves. Until within a few years illegible handwriting was considered fashionable, an indication or characteristic of genius, and was affected by persons who could write well if they chose; but nowadays those who write miserably, and have sense enough to realize the annoyance it causes to others, are sorry for it, and would gladly mend their ways. Scrawlers are beginning to be considered as much of a nuisance as “cranks”; and anyone who thinks that careless handwriting is a recommendation for what he may wish to give to the public is badly mistaken. Just before his death, Dean Stanley wrote for the *Century Magazine* an article on F. W. Robertson, whom he considered the greatest, or one of the greatest, preachers of the nineteenth century. The publication of the article had to be delayed because the corrections and marginal additions were in the Dean’s own handwriting, which to any one except himself or his amenuensis was perfectly unintelligible. Printers wrestled with the MS. in New York, and finally it had to be sent back to England to be deciphered. Commenting on some correspondence about this circumstance, the London *Athenæum* expressed surprise that any American would waste

time on such an ill-written composition, and remarked that few compositors in England could be found to face the Dean's MS. Perhaps if the article had not been paid for or formally accepted it would never have found its way into print.

Penmanship has always received special attention at Notre Dame, and is rightly insisted upon in the Preparatory Courses. It is not without great difficulty that the accomplishment of elegant handwriting can be acquired in middle age, hence the necessity of early practice. Good penmanship would not be as rare as it is if it were as easy to correct bad habits as it is to form them.

Though it will probably not be new to Commercial students, still the statement will bear repetition that fair penmanship is a requisite, *sine qua non*, for a diploma in the Commercial Course here. Those who have been paying little attention to their handwriting all the year, and who still expect to carry off honors in this Course, had better repair the past negligence, if that can still be done; or make up their minds to be disappointed.

—During the early days of our connection with the SCHOLASTIC, and we know not for how long before, Notre Dame's Roll of Honor was a subject for sharp comment by many of the college papers. This feature was utterly unlike anything they had heard of elsewhere, and as they were not prepared to allow Notre Dame the credit of being ahead of her non-Catholic sister colleges in anything, the Roll of Honor was looked upon as an innovation and treated accordingly. The more sensible and courteous merely expressed disapproval, and let the matter drop; others, who in a cloud of self-conceit considered themselves

"More wise, more just, more learned, more everything" than anybody else, said the Roll of Honor *must* be suppressed, and called for a crusade of college editors against it. They were furious at the audacity of the editors of the SCHOLASTIC, and vowed vengeance. But the SCHOLASTIC kept on the even tenor of its way. It did not create the Roll of Honor, which existed nearly half a century before the SCHOLASTIC came into being. The Roll was popular, and as the SCHOLASTIC was published for the benefit of the students here, and not for those at other colleges, the Roll of Honor was naturally upheld. Time has vindicated the wisdom of this course, and we now see the Roll of Honor of other colleges, which have not a college paper, published in the local press. Moreover, some of the best college papers in the country have lately wheeled into line in its defence. We have already published the acknowledgments of the William's *Argo*, and, we believe, of *The Cornell Era*; we now take pleasure in quoting the approval of *The Concordiensis* (Union College, New York), which has a good word also for our "Art, Music, and Literature":

"The *Notre Dame Scholastic* for Feb. 25th is up to its usual high standard. Many of our exchanges seem inclined to criticise certain features of the *Scholastic*, for instance, the 'Art, Music and Literature' column, and the

'Roll of Honor.' But in our opinion the former is the most interesting part of the paper. It is replete with pleasant little notices, and, despite what critics say, contains a great deal of matter that we might miss if we had to search for it in art journals, etc. Perhaps to the post-graduate reader such items are of greater interest when obtained from their fountain-head, the larger magazines, but for the under-graduate, whose time is so taken up with text-books that he does little general reading, we think the college paper the proper place to obtain them. As to the 'Roll of Honor,' we will let the *Scholastic* speak for itself: 'The Roll of Honor is popular among the students here, and has a beneficial effect. It was by its aid that Napoleon established such an admirable *esprit de corps* among his soldiers; and by its aid, to a great extent, is such admirable order and gentlemanly conduct preserved among the 400 students now congregated here from all parts of the United States. If Princeton and Cornell and Harvard and Williams and Toronto had a Roll of Honor, the disgraceful proceedings by which twenty or thirty young men brought odium upon colleges of many hundreds might perhaps have been averted. 'Ephraim' is right; the Notre Dame Roll of Honor offers food for reflection to students of Protestant colleges, and 'Ephraim' is, so far, ahead of his confreres.' These remarks are strong, and, we imagine, rather unsavory to some of our brethren, but it is their *truth* that hurts. There have undoubtedly been many disgraceful actions at the very colleges whose papers are severest on the *Scholastic*, and we are bound to admire the nice way in which it turns the tables upon them. And after all why should there not be a Roll of Honor? Does it not arouse a generous emulation that must be productive of good? And by giving a present reward to scholarship and good conduct, does it not insure higher excellence in both, and hence a better training for life's work? Thus it seems to us."

Exchanges.

—*Brainard's Musical World* for May is an attractive number, containing, besides a large amount and interesting variety of reading on musical matters, the following choice new music: "'Tis no one but me, Sweet Norah," song and chorus, by J. C. Macy; "Betty and the Baby," song and chorus, by M. C. J.; "Harmony Divine," elegie, for piano, by L. Gobbaerts; "Strogoff March," for piano, by Alexander Artus; "Memories," vocal duet, by J. Albert Snow.

—*The Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, edited by the Rev. P. Cronin,—priest, poet, and journalist,—entered upon its Eleventh Volume, or the eleventh year of its publication, on the 20th of last month. *The Catholic Union* is a live Catholic family paper, the leading issues of the day being recorded and commented upon in a manly, scholarly spirit. Even as we write, the power of the press is exemplified in its columns by the letter of Mr. J. L. Townsend, one of the school examiners of Rochester, N. Y., who has been placed on the defensive on account of an extract prejudicial to Catholics which was given by him as a class exercise. Such things, and worse, have frequently occurred with impunity, but it seems from Mr. Townsend's explanation that no harm was intended by him. We congratulate *The Catholic Union* on the recurrence of its birthday, and hope that in the future, as in the past, it will meet with the hearty support it so well deserves.

—The essays in *The Earlhamite* are short—

rather too short, some of them,—but well written. Altogether, *The Earldhamite* is nicely gotten up. We think the following quotation of Prof. Scott's is given incorrectly:

"Chas. P. G. Scott, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in Columbia College, says, 'Dhi fonetic alfabet must be med bai cerecting and increasing dhi old alfabet. It me and shud be cerected by cenfaining ech leter tu its original (Roman er urli English) pauer, by substituting it fer eni uder leter er combineshun ev leters nau having that pauer, and bai dreping ets sailent leters, and it shud be increst bai dhi yus ev niu daigrafs.'"

The spelling of many words in this extract, are essentially opposed to the rules of both the British and American Philological Societies, and the advocates of spelling reform both in this country and in England are in accordance on the general principles of a reformed spelling. If the quotation be correct, Prof. Scott is working on his own hook, is illogical and ridiculous.

—What have we done to drive *The Sunbeam* from our sanctum? We haven't seen it for ever so long. Just as we had written the foregoing lines the April number came to hand. Glancing over it, we find the essays short and—we were going to say not particularly interesting, but will make an exception of "My Experience"—the experience of an embryotic essayist with three pages to write, two of them written, and a vision of a green-and-gold volume of essays, and literary fame, in the dim future. So the essayists have been dreaming when they should have been at work! Well, the exchange department is not curtailed—and it is a matter for congratulation, as exchange departments are always interesting to outsiders; albeit one is occasionally hauled over the coals in them, they are attractive all the same. A college paper without an exchange department is deprived of half its interest, to outsiders at least, and a well-written exchange column such as *The Sunbeam's* compensates in a measure for lack of interesting matter in the other departments.

—*The Haverfordian* has a good proof-reader and is one of the most carefully-edited of our college exchanges. It always contains something of special interest. "A Phase of Modern Poetry," in a recent number, is one of the best essays we have met with for some time. The writer has no admiration for the school of poetry represented by Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, or Walt Whitman; of the latter he says:

"'Conceited and materialistic to the last degree, he represents the lowest type of modern poetry—poetry falsely so called.' Then follows a quotation, with the comment, 'If there is a single ennobling sentiment, or even any poetic merit in the above, we fail to detect it, and it is an average specimen of his writings.'"

We fully agree with this estimate of Walt Whitman; his writings would prove him to be a gross sensualist, and nastiness seems to be his idea of the epic. Walt Whitman's volume is a disgrace, a scandal, and is fit only for those who have forgotten how to blush. We have heard that the district of London, Ont., threatened Messrs. Osgood & Co., of Boston, with prosecution if the new edition of the work in its entirety was offered

for sale there. The poet was urged to allow certain passages in the book to be omitted, but refused.

—*The Dial*, a monthly index of current literature, published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, is one of the best edited periodicals of its kind in America, and is certainly a credit to Chicago. We have hitherto spoken of *The Dial* in complimentary terms; if any one thinks our commendations overdrawn he has but to glance over the May number to undeceive himself. He will find here brief and well-written sketches or critical reviews of (I) "Emerson," by W. F. Allen; (II) "Darwin," by David S. Jordan; (III) "Growth of Musical Taste in the United States," by Margaret F. Sullivan; (IV) "The Decay of Modern Preaching," by David Swing; (V) "Studies in Mediæval History," by W. F. Allen; (VI) "A Rare Romance," by Robert Nourse; (VII) "Huxley's Science and Culture," by David S. Jordan. The "Briefs on New Books" are pointedly written: prominent among those in the May number are "Matthew Arnold's Irish Essays and Others," in which the great political economist is complimented for his sagacity and his moral courage in publishing his convictions in the face of public prejudice. John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, and Mr. John Bright himself, previous to his holding a place in the British Cabinet, advanced similar opinions, and were thoroughly in sympathy with the present land-reform movement in Ireland. We are glad to notice that *The Dial* is acknowledged as an authority abroad, being frequently mentioned or quoted from by such periodicals as the London *Athenæum* and *The Academy*. The price of subscription to *The Dial* is \$1.50 a year.

Personal.

—A. Rietz, of '79, is assistant book-keeper for Messrs. Charles Rietz & Bros., Manistee, Mich.

—Frank W. Bloom, of last year, has removed to Danville, Ill. Whether for a time or for good, his postal sayeth not.

—We had the honor and pleasure this week of a visit from Rt. Rev. Dr. Borgess, of Detroit, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, of Fort Wayne. Bishop Borgess was accompanied by his genial and accomplished secretary, Rev. Camillus P. Maes.

—Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., has been appointed Vicar-Provincial of the South, which includes establishments in Louisiana and Texas. He will reside in New Orleans. It is reported that he will start for his new field of labor next Monday.

—Mr. George H. Kahman, of '69, is conducting a flourishing business at Washington, Mo. '69 was before our time, but Prof. Lyons tells us that Mr. Kahman was one of the best students of that year, and a Second Honor boy. We are pleased to hear of his success. Mr. Kahman has a brother in the Junior department of whom we also hear good reports.

—The register of visitors this week includes the following names: Mrs. M. J. Farrell, Lorain, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher, Denver, Colo.; John Ruger, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. M. Sommers and Master Harry Sommers, Chicago, Ill.; Jerry Falvey, Winamac, Ind.; Edward Fenlon, Leavenworth, Kansas; John A. Weber, Laporte, Ind.; Michael Sells, Indianapolis, Ind.; Judge Fuller, Coldwater, Mich.; George Bowers, Wheeling, West Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Muller, Milwaukee, Wis.

—Dr. C. J. Lundy, at one time resident physician here, is now Professor of diseases of the eye, ear, and throat, in the Michigan College of Medicine, Detroit. We are indebted to him for a valuable Lecture which he has recently published under the title "Hygiene, in Relation to the Eye." It was delivered at the State Sanitary Convention, held at Ann Arbor, last February. Dr. Lundy has become quite eminent in his profession, and is an acknowledged authority in the diseases of which he has made a specialty.

—John F. and James Mahon, of '64, have been in business for years in London, Canada, and the world has gone well with them. John F. is President of a bank, and James is Treasurer, besides which they are proprietors of the Globe Agricultural Works and do a very large business in agricultural implements, etc. John F. is married, and has a large and interesting family. At the latest accounts James was not in hymeneal bonds. Both are leading business men in their section, and are highly esteemed. We hope these and other of the old students will favor us with their presence on Commencement day.

Local Items.

—Not all kinds of bouquets convey compliments.

—Prof. Ackerman is painting scenes for the new Exhibition Hall.

—Washington Hall is soon to be removed and converted into a gymnasium.

—The Minim Campus has been enlarged to nearly twice its former extent.

—Right Rev. Bishop Borgess made a pleasant visit to the Minims during his stay.

—Many of the students went fishing last Tuesday, but Lund and Baca were the only lucky ones.

—The Manual Labor School is being renovated, and already presents an improved appearance.

—He would undoubtedly be a good catcher were it not for his many gesticulations while behind the bat.

—We have to thank B. William for a beautiful little bouquet which will be a thing of beauty and a joy—as long as we can make it last.

—It would be well if our friend John would return those geraniums which he borrowed some weeks ago, in the absence of the owner.

—All the fruit trees about Notre Dame are now in bloom, proving that the fruit crop was less injured by the late frosts than was at first supposed.

—There was quite a lively foot-race, one day last week, between Colyar and Roper. Roper saved himself for the last round of the campus, and so came in ahead.

—"Jumbo" is the terror of all well-meaning canines. The peaceable "Dick" fled on his arrival, and even "Kizer" himself seems to feel uneasy in his presence.

—The generous friend who has given gold medals for Penmanship in previous years has again promised one for the student who shows the most marked improvement in this useful branch.

—Victory smiled on the Junior baseball nines last Tuesday. The second Senior nine was badly beaten by the first Junior team, and the Red Sox won an easy victory over a picked nine from the Minim department.

—We are sorry to learn that one of the local items published last week gave offence to certain of our readers. *Humanum est errare; angelicum est cantare.* The SCHOLASTIC is always sorry to offend and ready to be forgiven.

—The First Communion class this year was quite a large one, numbering about thirty-two Minims and Juniors. The usual preparatory retreat was conducted by the Rev. chaplain, Rev. Messrs. Irman and Sullivan assisting.

—The Notre Dame Baseball Association is under obligations to D. J. Hogan, A. B., '73, for a generous donation to their treasury; also to Mr. Frank Smith, of Circleville, Ohio,—captain of last year's champion team—for a similar kind remembrance.

—Some one writes: "Those who wear long dusters in the class-room, and even in church, must have lost all sense of propriety." Oscar Wilde has not expressed himself publicly on the subject of dusters, but it is believed that he condemns them *in toto*.

—Rev. President Walsh examined the Arithmetic Classes of the Minim department last week. While expressing himself pleased with all, he complimented particularly Masters Berthelet, Dwenger, Devereux and Norfolk, of the 1st Class; Gibson, Walsh, Nester, Piatt, Chaves and Johnson, of the 2d Class; and F. Otis, Devine and Welch, of the 3d Class.

—Geo. E. Clarke, one of Notre Dame's delegates to the Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union in Boston, writes under date of the 5th inst. that he is mightily pleased with "the Hub," that it deserves the title of the Athens of America. He says he had the good fortune of hearing speeches from Governors Long and Rice, Archbishop Williams and Bishop Healy, John Boyle O'Reilly, of the *Pilot*, and Phillips Brooks. George goes to see his brother in New York, on his way back from the Convention, and will be with us again in a few days.

—At the 20th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association compositions were read by Masters Berthelet, Dwenger, O'Connor and Johnson; declamations by Masters Devereux, Miller, Norfolk and Metz. A letter to the members, written by Very Rev. Father General on board the *City of Rome*, was read, and received with applause. A vote of thanks was tendered to the members of the Columbian Club for a very enjoyable musical entertainment given by them to the Sorins on the 11th inst. The exercises of the meeting closed by songs from Masters O'Connor and Campau.

—Some of the letters that come to Notre Dame are addressed in a very strange manner. It is not to be wondered at that so many letters go to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington; but it is a cause for surprise, and of admiration at the excellence of our postal arrangements, that some of the letters received at the Notre Dame post-office had not gone to the Dead-Letter Office. Only a few days ago one of the students received a letter from Lorraine, addressed to

Monsieur ———,
Université de Notre Dame,
Sud Amérique.

Another letter, received some time ago from Germany, was addressed to the "University of Notre Dame, Ohio, Indiana."

—Rev. F. Zahm, and a corps of the Scientific students, prominent among whom we noticed Messrs. Kuhn, Albert Zahm, Orrick, Tracy, O'Reilly and Rettig, have been busy the past week in re-arranging the engine and apparatus for the electric light. A new Noteman rotary engine of 10-horse power, from the shops of the Noteman Rotary Pump & Engine Co., Toledo, Ohio, was put in position and working order by the students themselves, and from the business-like manner in which they worked, setting excentric and arranging shafts, belts and pulleys, one could see that the amateur machinists were well up in the business. Besides the new engine, they have also in their mechanical laboratory a Tuerk water-motor and a small upright rotary engine. They hope to have ample preparations made for 8 or 10 electric lamps during Commencement week, and intend to have the main building of the College, the Academy of Music and the College grounds brilliantly lighted.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arnold, Armijo, Bailey, Barron, Browne, Bell, Bolton, Becerra, Cullin, Clements, Carroll, Christian, Conway, G. Clarke, T. Clarke, W. Cleary, Connor, Delaney, Donegan, Drury, Eager, F. Ewing, Eaton, Fitzgerald, T. Fenlon, Farrell, Fleming, M. Falvey, J. Falvey, Fishburne, Gray, M. Healy, T. Healy, Johnson, Kinsella, Kuhn, Kuntsman, Kerndt, Kavanaugh, Murphy, McErlain, Minnis, Marlett, McCarthy, McGinnis, Millett, McDermott, McIntyre, McDevitt, Morse, W. McGorrick, M

son, Nash, H. Noble, Noonan, Orrick, Otis, Peery, Paquette, Pierson, Pillars, Ryan, Rasche, Ruger, Steiger, W. Schofield, Solon, W. Smith, Steis, Tinley, Tracey, Vander Haden, White, Walsh, Yrisarri, Zettler, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Archer, Browne, Bacon, Bailey, Barron, Brewster, Barnard, Boone, Bowers, Castenado, Campau, Colyar, J. M. Courtney, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Deschamps, Devine, Dolan, Drendel, Danielson, Droste, Echlin, N. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, Freyermuth, Fendrick, French, J. Flynn, Fisher, Farrelly, Florman, M. Foote, H. Foote, Friedman, Gibert, Grever, Gerlach, Graham, E. Gall, A. Gall, Guthrie, Gallagher, Hoffman, Hess, Hibbeler, Hurley, Howard, Hanavin, Heffernan, Halligan, Jeannot, Johnston, Johnson, Kelly, Kolars, Kengel, Kitz, Katz, Livingston, Lund, Laumann, Lewis, J. McGordon, Metz, J. McGrath, T. McGrath, McPhillips, C. Murdock, McCarthy, Murphy, Mahon, Meyer, Orchard, J. P. O'Donnell, Orsinger, Powell, H. Porter, Peery, Quill, Ryon, Richmond, Rose, Rhodius, J. C. Ruppe, J. Ruppe, V. Rivaud, Rosenheim, L. Rivaud, Roper, D. Smith, Snee, Schaefer, Sells, Tourtillotte, Tappan, Taggart, Williams, J. Warner, C. Warner, Whelan, Wilbur, Warren, Wile, Zeigler, Zahmle.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Brandom, Beall, Berthelet, E. Campau, P. Campau, Chaves, Coad, Cummings, Chirhart, Curran, Devitt, R. Devereux, J. Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Dwenger, Dirksmeyer, Davison, Frain, Fehr, Graham, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Hynes, Hopkins, Hewitt, Johnson, Kellner, A. Kelly, J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, J. J. McGrath, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, McCawley, McGordon, Metz, Masi, Miller, Nash, J. Nester, F. Nester, Norfolk, O'Connor, F. Otis, A. Otis, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, Piatt, G. Price, E. Price, Papin, Powell, Peters, Pick, Quinlin, Roper, Rebori, Roberts, Rose, Schmitz, Sommers, Studebaker, Stange, Tong, Thomas, Vosburgh, Winsor, Welch, Walsh, Whitney, L. Young, C. Young.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Anderson, J. Browne, Otis, Arnold, Solon, Bell, Zahm, W. Schofield, Kuhn, E. McGorrick, W. McGorrick, T. Healy, McDermott, Fleming, McIntyre, W. McCarthy, T. Clarke, O'Connor, W. Bailey, T. Flynn, Farrell, Cleary, G. Clarke, N. Ewing, E. Fishel, Johnson, H. Porter, C. Porter, Johnson, Donahoe.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Beall, Berthelet, E. Campau, P. Campau, Chaves, Coad, Cummings, Chirhart, Devitt, R. Devereux, J. Devereux, Dwenger, Dirksmeyer, Davison, Frain, Fehr, Graham, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Hynes, Hopkins, Hewitt, Johnson, Kellner, J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, J. J. McGrath, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, Metz, Masi, Nash, Norfolk, O'Connor, F. Otis, A. Otis, W. Prindiville, Piatt, G. Price, Papin, Powell, Peters, Pick, Quinlin, Rebori, Roberts, Rose, Schmitz, Sommer, Studebaker, Stange, Tong, Vosburgh, Welch, Walsh, Whitney, Winsor, L. Young.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Sommers, Berthelet, Piatt, Dwenger, O'Connor, Walsh, Welch, F. Nester, Papin, Norfolk, Chaves, Devereux, G. Gibson, F. Otis, Devitt, Stange, Chirhart, Thomas, Powell, Cummings, Whitney, Rose, C. Campau, Pick, Dirksmeyer, Winsor, Masi, Vosburgh, Kellner, Roberts, Hewitt, Curran.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Botany Classes are taking advantage of these first bright days to enrich their herbariums.

—The second and third Seniors have gained great praise for their competitions in history, rhetoric and philosophy.

—The method of teaching music among the ancient Greeks was the subject of the closing Lecture on Music, given on the 13th.

—The cablegram announcing that Very Rev. Father General, C. S. C., would leave for home on the 13th, was the signal for a general rejoicing.

—Our highly esteemed friend, Mrs. M. A. Stace, visited St. Mary's last week. Miss Kate Donahue, Graduate of 1881, and Miss Bunbury, a former pupil, spent a few days here.

—The religious confraternities are edifying in their regularity at all the devotions. The literary societies continue their regular programme of historical and biographical readings, varied with amusing selections and criticisms.

—At the Academic reunion on last Sunday, Miss Maud Casey read a selection from *The "Ave Maria"*; "The Legend of Bregenz," by Adelaide Procter, was read by Miss Agnes Dillon; Miss Anna Cavenor read a criticism on "Dante's Divine Comedy," written by Miss N. Galen. Several visitors were present. The Rev. chaplain gave a very excellent criticism on the Criticism, which was both instructive and encouraging to young critics. Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C., kindly gave an impromptu little lecture which contained much valuable information. Among the ladies present we noticed Mrs. Susan Stambaugh, of Lansing, Mich., and Mrs. D. W. Harris (a former pupil of St. Mary's), from Lawal, Lake Co., Ind.

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly MS. papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

Elocutionary Trials.

I wrote a poem, the other day,
And sent it to be read,
Before a club of learned folks,
And thought it would be said
To equal any poem writ
By Thomson, Swift or Pope,
But oh, alas! the reader spoiled
My poem, and every hope
Of future fame; for sad to say
Her reading was so queer,
She made me say the queerest things,
As you shall quickly hear.
Of my old home and childhood's scenes

I wrote in pensive mood;
But really now the reader made
Me say things very rude.
(I wrote) "Would I could meet my friends once more
'Round my father's table!"
She made me say I wished to meet
Around my "father's stable!"
I wrote of happy times, when I
Sat on my grandpa's knees,
But oh! the reader made me say
I sat on "grandpa's sneeze."
I spoke of grandma's feeble voice,
"Alas! dear grandma's old!"
The reader made me say, "Alas!
My dear grandma is sold!"
My mother's lap I spoke of next
As solace for life's tears,
She said, "my darling mother's slap
Was solace for life's steers!"
As duteous child, I spoke at length
Of reverence for pa's will,
The horrid reader made me say
"I revered papa's swill."
My brother's eyes, I said, "were grand,
Most eloquent his lips!"
The reader said, "his *sighs* were grand
And eloquent his slips."
"Two writers much I loved in youth,
Young—Harriet Beecher Stowe."
The reader made me say I loved
"Young Harriet Beecher's Toe!"
And then I wrote of sylvan glades,
St. Mary's pious nooks;
The reader spoiled my piety
And spoke of "Pious Snooks."
Now Mr. Snooks I *never* met
In any walk or glen,
I know him *not*, though he may be
Most pious of all men.
The smart reporters present took
In short-hand all she read;
It came out in the papers, and
Poor I went sick to bed.

Extract from a Lecture on Music.

Sounds affect our sensibility by their various qualities, and produce on the nervous system agreeable or disagreeable impressions, awaking at the same time in the mind ideas of relationship between their intonation, their symmetry, or disorder. In addition to these impressions the psychological appreciation of sounds regarding duration constitute true æsthetic judgment. Æsthetic relationship and psychological appreciation, therefore, belong to the domain of this art.

Other absolute relations, which result from the length of corresponding strings, as well as the number of vibrations produced by the resonance of these strings expressed by numbers, belong to the domain of science under the name of numeral

acoustics. . . . The Greeks attributed to Pythagoras the first attempt towards the creation of this science.

According to Niermens, Gardnier, and others, this philosopher, passing by a blacksmith's shop, remarked that the percussion of the hammer on the anvil produced intervals of sound that were always the same, according to the power of the blow struck by the workmen. He examined and weighed the hammers, and found the relationship of sounds caused by vibration were the octave, 4th and 5th, by a series of experiments made by strings which he stretched by weights attached; he thus obtained ideas on the proportion of vibrations. Strange, his followers did not calculate the values of major and minor thirds, although these were the elements of their chromatic and enharmonic scales. Aristoxenes put forward another doctrine contrary to that of Pythagoras; throwing aside the numbers which determined the exactitude between intervals, he depended for these distances entirely on the ear. But others had preceded him in this idea, for Plato, who lived before Aristoxenes, spoke of musicians who preferred the authority of the ear to that of the mind. During many centuries Greek musicians were divided on this point; one party adopted the arithmetical theory of Pythagoras, whilst the other followed the false doctrine of Aristoxenes, which has its partisans even in our own day. Many systems about the composition of the scale were produced in ancient times by authors and philosophers formed in the school of Pythagoras or in the schools of some of his pupils. Those best known are Archytus, Philotatus, Timon, Didemus and Eratosthenes. . . . We must own there was some cause for the antagonism which Aristoxenes and his pupils had for the numeral acoustics of the Pythagorean school, through the errors which crept into their system, such as their soft diatonic species, soft and hard chromatics, which could neither be seen nor played on any instrument.

Euler said correctly, "the Pythagorians have not really used in all these pretended species but arbitrary numbers."

It would be of little profit to take you through all the various divisions of the tortured antique scale; if you wish to follow this intricate subject there are volumes of musical logarithms by authors who have devoted their lives to such calculation and formations of tetrachords. Claude Ptolemy gives a theory of sound intervals, which almost agree with the facts, resulting from the observations and calculations of modern scientists, called the natural mathematical gamut.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Cavenor, Claffey, Galen, Hanbury, Walsh, Clarke, Dillon, Fox, Feehan, Bland, Beal, M.

Campbell, C. Campbell, E. Chrischellis, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, Heneberry, L. Lancaster, Ave Price, Rasche, M. Simms, Shickey, H. Van Patten, L. Van Patten, Wall, Edie Call, Craine, Black, Etta Call, Coryell, M. Fishburne, N. Keenan, Legnard, McCoy, McGordon, Owens, Margaret Price, Mary Price, K. Rosing, V. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, A. Rulison, Sawyer, Thompson, E. Todd, Chirhart, Wallace, Bremond, Behler, L. English, Mulligan, Reutlinger, M. H. Ryan, Adderly, Clifford, Wagner, Metzger, Foster, B. English, Gavan, Fleming, Mulvey, Smith, Northrop, Ives, Eldridge, M. Watson. *2d Tablet*—Misses Wiley, Donnelly, A. Nash, H. Nash, M. A. Ryan, Hackett, Leydon, Mowry, Barlow, J. Reilly, Thomann, Fenlon, Newton, Castanedo, Green, H. Hicks, N. Hicks, Pampell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Ginz, C. Lancaster, Ramsey, Spangler, Semmes, Chirhart, Coogan, Dillon, Heneberry, O'Neill, Robertson, P. Ewing, McGrath, Papin, Sullivan, Richmond, Schmidt, Mary Otis. *2d Tablet*—Misses A. Clarke, Considine, Martin, W. Mosher, M. Morgan, Fehr, Krick, Welch, Condron, Coyne, Chaves, Best.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses N. Brown, H. Castanedo, Agnes English, J. English, E. Burtis, J. McGrath, Martha Otis, J. McKennon.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Claffey, Galen, Hanbury, Walsh.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clarke, Dillon, Feehan, Fox, Wiley.

2D SR.—Misses Campbell, Chrischellis, E. Call, Donnelly, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, L. Lancaster, McKenna, Maude Price, Ave Price, Rasche, Simms, Shickey, Wall.

3D SR.—Misses Barlow, Casey, Etta Call, Chirhart, M. Fishburne, Ginz, Keenan, C. Lancaster, McCoy, McGordon, Mowry, Owens, Margaret Price, Mary Price, Papin, C. Pease, J. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, Rulison, Spangler, Semmes, Thompson, E. Todd, Thomann, Waters, Wright, Wallace.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Adderly, Behler, Clifford, Ducey, Eager, Fenlon, Harrigan, M. H. Ryan, Reutlinger, Wagner, Watson.

2D PREP.—Misses Eldridge, Green, N. Hicks, Mulvey, Smith, Northrop, Ives, M. Chirhart, Considine, M. Dillon.

JR. PREP.—Misses Ewing, A. English, Hibbin, Krick, Wilkins, Welch.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Campeau, Castanedo, Chaves, M. Coyne, Best, Haney, E. Mattis, Robinson, Richmond, Schmidt, Rigney, Otero, Haney, Otis,

FRENCH.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, K. Lancaster, Bland, Feehan.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Castanedo, J. Reilly, M. Campbell, F. Castanedo, M. Castanedo, Morgan, Semmes,

3D CLASS—Misses Barlow, M. Clarke, Edie Call, A. Clarke, Leydon, Paquette, Hackett, Maude Price.

4TH CLASS—Misses Etta Call, A. Nash, Shickey, Donnelly, Mary Price, M. A. Ryan, Owens, Walsh, Ave Price, K. Rosing.

5TH CLASS—Misses Richmond, Sawyer, Otero, Brown.

GERMAN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

1ST CLASS—Misses Ginz, Chrischellis, Behler, Wagner, Claffey, A. Dillon, Thomann.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Reutlinger, Fleming, Chirhart, Casey, Fehr.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Van Patten, Keenan, Todd, Call, Eldridge, Considine.

4TH CLASS—Misses Coogan, N. Hicks, Ryan, Greene, Martin, Eager, M. Ducey, K. Ducey, M. Schmidt.

4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Wallace, A. Chirhart, Mulligan, Northrop, M. Watson.